

NEIGHBORS

By ANNIE A. CURTIS.

"Can you be satisfied here, Maud?" asked Mr. Burrowes.

"Well, I don't know. It's pretty hard to tell," replied his wife. "It isn't the city I shall miss, it's the people. They will all be different, of course."

"Yes, I suppose so. I remember how dissatisfied Ruth was when she and George went out West."

Joe's sister, Ruth, was frankly disliked by her sister-in-law. Maud had come nearer quarrelling with her than any other member of her husband's family. The classing of her sister-in-law's case with her own raised a spirit of opposition within her.

"If he thinks I'm like Ruth he'll find I'm not."

She quickly thought of the reasons for moving to the quiet country place. They had been such sound reasons, too. Several times the doctor had advised fresh country air for her.

"And just because I saw a woman in a funny sunbonnet while I was out there I am stopping it all. I won't be so foolish. I'll make the best of it anyway."

Joe still stood absently tapping the window pane. Maud touched him on the arm saying, "I'm going to like it, Joe. I'll get acquainted with every neighbor and I'll make them like me."

His face grew lighter as he looked at her. "Good for you, Maud. When we take the car out it will be better for you."

"Oh, yes, I'll take you down to work every morning and call for you every night. I'll give everyone round a spin."

"We'll have parties and invite all of our old friends out," said Joe.

"And don't forget the new ones. They'll have to come to our parties."

In due time the car arrived. Joe had fixed a part of the barn for a garage. Every morning Maud took him to work.

"Why don't you go for a ride mornings, Maud?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I'll miss someone who calls to see me."

"I never thought of that. Hasn't anyone called yet?"

"No one yet," she said.

He tried to console her by saying that everyone was busy at that time of year. But the busy time passed and no one called. Maud Burrowes lost her pink cheeks and the wistful look was always in her eyes. Mr. Burrowes asked their family doctor to come down to spend the day. "Just look her over without her getting suspicious Doc," said Joe.

"I thought the country would agree with her. There's lots of company round here isn't there?"

"That is the trouble. She likes company and has always had lots of it. I can't understand why people don't call."

Summer was nearly gone when Joe again thought of the doctor.

"I'll get him down to see if she's improved, and if she hasn't we'll go straight back to the city. She was happy there."

The doctor called again. Maud was very pleased to see him, but did not go from place to place, bidding him to follow her.

"This will never do," the doctor said to himself. "She's lost interest and lost her courage."

"I'm going to give up this place and go back to the city," cried Joe excitedly.

"I don't think that will do," replied the doctor.

"Why, why not?" inquired Joe.

"Because Maud is not strong enough. You must make her take an interest in things."

"How can I? If people won't be friendly I can't make them," replied Joe, very much puzzled.

"Well, do something. You must think of something, boy," said the doctor, as he boarded the train.

A day later Joe complained of not feeling well. "Oh, I hate to go to work, but I suppose I must," he said. An hour later he came back home. Maud cried out at sight of him. His face was swollen and red. "Oh, what is the matter, Joe?"

"I'm sick. I guess I'll lie down for a while."

"I'll get a doctor," said Maud. "There is one at the village."

"I won't see him. If you get anyone call our old doctor. There's a telephone at the next house."

Maud dreaded to go to those people who had never called on her. She tapped at the door and a woman appeared. "May I use your telephone?"

"Surely."

"Is this Dr. Jones? Come right out to the house. Joe is sick. On, can't you come before night? I'm all alone."

When she finished talking with the doctor the woman touched her arm, saying, "You are all alone. I'll go right back with you."

Maud told her the story of her loneliness. "We thought you did not want us to call. Then we hesitated. One of the neighbors heard you make fun of Miss Field's sunbonnet and she is the dearest woman in the world."

"I'm so sorry, but it's all right now. Isn't it?" sobbed Maud.

Joe wished to see the doctor alone. "What's up Joe?" asked the doctor.

Joe answered in a whisper, "I put poison ivy on my face. I knew they would come in sickness and it worked. They have been coming all day. But fix me up, Doc. I must go back to work."

BRIEF DOTS ABOUT PEOPLE IN AND AROUND SWANSEA

Whew—'tis beginning to fell like November now.

The people of this section are about through gathering their crops and are preparing to sow small grain.

Mr. C. C. Martin, a popular merchant and all around business man, made a brief trip to Lexington Friday afternoon.

Mr. Sim J. Miller, the popular and efficient Sheriff of Lexington County made a business trip to Swansea Friday afternoon.

Mr. B. T. Rish and family visited at the home of Mrs. Rish's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Cartin, on Sunday.

Mr. George D. Hooker and family paid a brief visit to Mr. Hooker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hooker, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. J. Luther Smith, manager and owner of the Swansea Telephone Exchange and a large planter of the Gilbert section, was seen in Swansea Monday.

M. A. Howard, carrier on Route 2, visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Howard of the Black Creek section Sunday.

Mr. R. C. Jackson from out on Rt. 2 has moved to town, where his many friends bid him a hearty welcome.

Several negroes participated in a street brawl Saturday night, several shots were fired which resulted in the death of Otis Pooser, another negro

named Hector Paterson is said to have done the shooting.

A negro named Frank Salley was cut during a row with Pink Johnson on Sunday morning. A woman is said to have been the cause of the trouble.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL.

Any person who doubts whether the third roll call of the American Red Cross is meant for him can decide easily enough by asking himself a few questions.

Do you belong to any sect or organization which, by its creed, forbids you to help another or to assist in a movement designed for the help of others?

Then the call is not meant for you.

Do you believe that health is a matter of no importance whatever and that every enterprising community should have policemen, firemen, jails, theaters, skyscrapers, churches and schools, but no hospitals, no doctors, no nurses, no sanitarium, no clinics, no provision for the prevention of disease and the relief of suffering?

Then don't join the Red Cross.

Is it your opinion that when a city is swept by fire or inundated by flood, when its families are made homeless, its men killed and maimed, its women and children brought to starvation and thirst, they should be left to their own resources and should have no organization on which they can call for salvation?

Then you do not believe in the Red

Cross and should not join.

Are you so young that the whimper of a crippled puppy is beyond your comprehension, or so old that the cry of a little child does not penetrate your senility?

Then the Red Cross is not within your understanding and it does not seek your sympathy.

Are you so blind to misery, so deaf to pain, so hardened to pity, so proof to all feeling for your fellowman, that you do not care a dollar's worth what becomes of everybody else in the world?

Then don't join. The Red Cross can get along without you.

Only remember—should the time ever come when you yourself suffer, when your eyes are wet with tears, when your own face is contracted with agony, when your on hands are uplifted in supplication for succor, your refusal won't matter.

The Red Cross will help you—just the same.

NEWS FROM CHAPIN RT. 1.

To The Dispatch-News:

We are having some delightful weather for gathering crops.

Oat sowing and gathering corn is the order of the day.

We hear of several cases of diphtheria in the Piney Woods and Macedonia sections.

Mr. P. H. Derrick and family visited the parental home Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. B. Green and family of

Columbia visited the home of Mr. Jno. G. Hiller Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cook worshipped at the latter's home church Sunday, Bethel (High Hill).

Messrs. Jno. A. Epting and Geo. M. Monts are doing a fine job of road repairing on the Chapin and Lexington road with their tractor and scrape they do the work of many men in a day. A grand improvement over the old way.

We found at the County fair, many prospective candidates, we knew them by their hearty hand shake and their anxiety about our health, crops, etc.

Mr. Thomas Fulmer from near here has bought the old Jno. B. Kyzer farm near St. John's church and is moving there. He will engage in farming.

Mr. Banks Harman has sold his farm near Magnolia school house and bought the Bun Cumalander farm, 1 mile above Chapin and will move there this week.

Many bales of cotton have been marketed at Chapin, the last two weeks. Several days there were five or six buyers on ground, prices paid were good.

SECOND WEEK JURORS.

Following is the list of jurors to serve for the second week of the common pleas court, which will begin a year.

Nov. 24:

J. Luther Crout, R. J. Hook, Charlton H. Shull, Perry L. Harmon, S. Jacob Roof, Jason S. Shealy, O. Moses Price, Jacob P. Derrick, John A. H. Counts, Darling L. Jefcoat, Alfred Gunter, Edward S. Ridgell, J. Hamp Jumper, Thomas J. Fulmer, J. Hudson Price, J. A. Whitten, Arthur D. Ellison, Bennie O. Smith, Olin A. Lucas, George P. Mack, Jno. N. Lindler, A. M. Glaze, H. T. Wright, Charlie G. Metz, Mark A. Corley, Lonnie L. Frye, W. Furman Whittle, H. Kinsler Geiger, J. Burton Day, Walter E. Rauch, Glenn W. Lever, John D. Craps, Hugh E. Summer, R. B. Rawl, C. C. Justus, Frank P. Rister.

A Rat That Didn't Smell After Being Dead For 3 Months.

"I swear it was dead at least 3 months," said James Sykes, Butcher, Westfield, N. J. "We saw this rat every day. Put a cake of RAT-SNAP behind a barrel. Months later my wife asked about the rat. Remembered the barrel, looked behind it. There was the rat—dead, not the slightest odor." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Harmon Drug Co.

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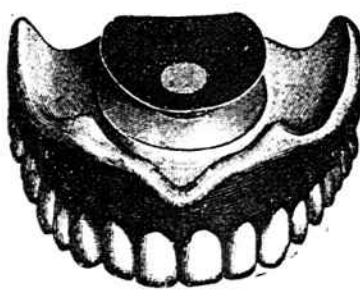
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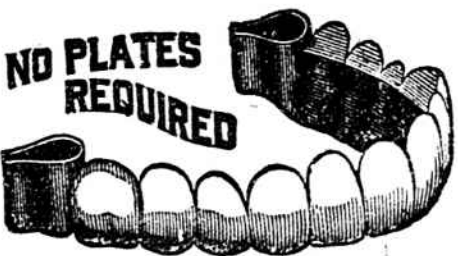
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